Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkſt thou we ſhall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art ſo low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-ſight failes or thou lookſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me love in my eye ſo doe you,
Dry ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.
Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who iſt that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your couſins death?
What? wilt thou waſh him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live;
Therefore have done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of love,
But much of griefe ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which ſlaughtered him.

Jul.

Jul. What villaine Madam?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo*.
Jul. Villaine and he be many miles aſun
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my he
La. That is becauſe the Traitor lives.
Jul. I Madam, from the reach of theſe
Would none but I might venge my couſin
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare
Then weep no more. Ile ſend to one in *M*
Where that ſame baniſht runnagate doth
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* company
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfi'd.
Jul. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfi'd
With *Romeo* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, ſo for a kinſman vext.
Madam, if you could finde out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it,
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receit thereof
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart ab
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to
To wreake the love I bore my couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughtred him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needy
What are they I beſeech your Ladiſhip?
Mo. Well, well thou haſt a carefull fath
One, who to put thee from thy heavineſſe
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is
Mo. Marry my childe early next thurſ
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church
Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Br